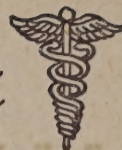




Record and Chronicle



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THE HOSPITAL FOR SPECIAL SURGERY

*for Dispensing the Family Gossip to our
Members with the Armed Forces*

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The Editor is very happy that he can report some news from our foreign correspondents and sincerely hopes that in the future others will be moved to write for the benefit of our readers. We have over 100 of our staff and alumni who are with the Armed Forces on our mailing list. There are many from whom we have not heard, and it would be most encouraging to the Editorial Staff of the R. & C. to hear from more of you.

Comdr. Bob Mazet writes the Editor under date of May 28th from Okinawa, "One of your recent numbers complains because you have had no intelligence regarding a number of the alumni. My name being among those listed as defaulters, I hasten to reply with your request for information. (Editor's Note: Will we have to list some of the other defaulters?) As you see by the heading, I am well on the way to Japan. The fate of most service people has at long last overtaken me, and I am temporarily out of orthopaedics. After three and a half years of excellent surgical work, however, I can hardly complain. My present assignment is C.O. of this hospital. It is really a grand job. The staff are young, capable, and enthusiastic. We came ashore on L plus 2 day and set up the hospital in an open field near the airfield. Casualties commenced to roll in the next day before any heads, galleys, surgery or anything else was ready. We have been going full tilt ever since. We have seen some pretty grim wounds but have been pretty lucky with them on the whole. In addition to the usual plasma and penicillin, we have had, for the first time in this operation, a plentiful supply of whole blood, which the air people fly in. It has, unquestionably, saved many lives. The working orthoped is Roy Schubert, Patterson, N.J. I have managed to sneak into the operating room a couple of times when he has been worn out and take over at night, so manage to keep my hand in. This is a delightful island. The climate is much the same as that of San Francisco, which is a great relief after being so long in the tropics. We have seen some of the Honolulu papers, and to judge by them, one would think we were being subjected to constant Nip bombings, attacks by suicide planes, bitten at every turn by venomous reptiles, and absorbing uncounted quantities of intestinal parasites with each swallow of water and at each bath. All these tales are highly exaggerated. Jap planes do come over most every day, but few of them get thru the fighter screen. We have had only about a dozen snake bites, with no fatalities. There has been a remarkable absence of parasitic diseases among the troops. The war in the southern portion of the island has been tough. The Japs were holed up just as they were on Peleliu and Iwo Jima, but they have been blasted out in a similar manner, and we expect them to collapse very shortly now. The transformation of the island by the Seabees is already well along. This will be as large a stepping stone to Tokyo as Guam and Iwo Jima in a very short time. Horwich is somewhere on the island. He and I rode the same ship up, but I have not seen him since coming ashore. He is in the Military Government. Best regards to all the R. & C. people."

Dr. Fenwick Beekman has received a letter from "The Kentucky Colonel", H. H. Rutledge. He writes, "I am taking this opportunity to inform the Record and Chronicle that I have been transferred from Senatobia, Miss. to Jackson, Miss." Dr. Rutledge was engaged in anti-lustic treatment among pre-inductees in Senatobia. "I was suddenly transferred to the Mississippi Ordnance Plant to organize the Medical Department for the Goodyear Engineering Corporation. I have been following with interest the activities of our former co-workers who are still in active service. On a recent trip to Louisville, Kentucky, I had the privilege of speaking for a few minutes with Dr. Frank Strickler. Dr. Strickler asked me to send his regards to the gang the next time I corresponded with you all."

We can finally report some news of Lieut. Bob Bachmeyer, former Assistant to the Director. The other day, the Director walked into his office to find Bob Bachmeyer, more rotound than ever, sitting in his chair. He tried to sell Bob the idea of pinch hitting for him awhile so he could go fishin, but Bob said it was impossible for Uncle Sam was expecting him back very shortly at Fort Lewis, Wash. He had along with him his charming wife and pictures of their most attractive daughter.

Lt. Col. Vansel Johnson stopped in for a call recently with new orders in his pocket. Evidently Vansel was too modest to tell us about the beautiful watch which was given to him by the staff at Halloran General Hospital. However, we heard about it through other sources.

We have heard that Major John E. Hanby is Chief of the Orthopaedic Section at Lowry Field, Ft. Logan, Denver, Colorado.

Major Bill Cooper stopped in the other day on a visit from Camp Edwards, Mass., where he is Chief of the Orthopaedic Section of the general hospital at Edwards.

We have heard that Capt. Bill Rohrer is now at the Regional Air Force Station Hospital #1, Coral Gables, Miami, Florida. The hospital is the former Miami-Biltmore Hotel. He is on the orthopaedic service and we are told that Capt. Bill and Mrs. Rohrer have another son.

We learn on fairly good authority that Charlie Kincheloe has been promoted to Major and is still in England. The same authority tells us that Bill Duncan has also been promoted to Major and is in England. We hope that our information is correct and that congratulations are in order.

Capt. Carolyn Wilson, A.N.C. is at Borden General Hospital, Chickasha, Oklahoma.

We very much enjoyed a visit from Major and Mrs. "Mike" Leinbach who were in the city for a few days. Congratulations are in order on Mike's majority. He is Chief of the Orthopaedic Section at the Station Hospital, Tampa, Florida.

BOUQUETS

A former patient on Gibney Pavilion on sending us his check in payment of his hospital bill writes, "It is probable that the relief of the spirit upon leaving a hospital combined with the necessity for special personal effort to catch up with one's delayed work causes most people to forget the care given them in a

hospital. Perhaps my memory of the care I have just received in your institution may also grow dim but before it does I should like to commend your organization and especially a portion of the personnel which cared for me - beginning with the registry clerk and continuing all the way through to the orderly who saw me out. Without exception they not only seemed to carry out their professional duties meticulously but everyone extended himself or herself beyond any possible professional requirement to give sympathetic assistance and comfort - and I am very grateful. May I ask that my feeling regarding this matter be communicated to the superintendent of nurses."

The Editor has had the good fortune to read a high school paper of one of the high schools in Jersey and in it he found a letter written by Cpl. Edward Brehm, husband of Mrs. Brehm, secretary to the Director. Cpl. Brehm has been and is with the 516th Field Artillery Battalion in Germany. He writes to his adopted niece. The letter left such an impression upon the Editor that he feels it worthwhile to pass it on to our readers.

"My dear Carol Anne,

You are now a beautiful young lady of 3 months or less. I wish I were your age as then I would not be here where every one is intent on doing those things that are cruel and brutal. I sure hope that when you grow up you and your brothers don't have to suffer what your parents and their friends have suffered. If all parents were kind, considerate and loving, there would never be these senseless ordeals. I hope that before you are very old I shall be home again and all this will be at an end. You know more people are being killed than are coming into the world. Silly, isn't it?

Carol Anne, I hope that you grow up to be a lovely young lady who isn't too spoiled or too narrow in your beliefs to find something good in everyone regardless of whom ever they may be. But don't be deceived by words and actions of the deceitful ones. Now I must say good nite. Kiss your mother good nite and your father, also. And don't let your brothers get away with anything. You be the boss. Please always be a lady and an American.

Sight unseen, I love you.

Uncle Ed"

Dr. Philip D. Wilson has been appointed Consulting Orthopaedic Surgeon to the U.S. Veterans' Facility at Kingsbridge Rd., Bronx, N.Y.

We learn that Lt. Comdr. E. T. R. Stone is stationed on Treasure Island, San Francisco, Cal.

Another one of our foreign correspondents comes through, but after reading his communication, you will realize why we can forgive him for not writing before this. Comdr. Pete Lange writes Rich Stephens from his hospital ship somewhere in the Pacific, "I realize that I have been a remiss correspondent for too long a period of time. My conscience has really been bothering me for many months for neglecting an important duty in maintaining closer contact with my many friends and associates. During the past sixteen months, I have been at sea continuously. We, aboard this hospital ship, have travelled approximately 100,000 miles to date and have been, perhaps, the most active unit of its type in the Pacific waters. Our real taste of war began last June '44 with the assault on Saipan and it proved to be a pretty bloody introduction. Although I have witnessed many other similar campaigns, I still feel that the original affair left its most indelible impressions on my rumpled and turbulent soul. It is still difficult for me to understand how we managed to accomplish the volume of work that was ours during this operation.

The only thing that I remember clearly is that I verged on collapse after the first 96 hours, 'for my feet were worn down to my knees'. Sure could have used a pair of R. & C. plates to advantage. Soon after the Saipan campaign came the Guam assault. This was followed by the Palau (Peleliu) Islands invasion. At this time, I anticipated a little rest but along came the 2nd great naval battle of the Philippines and more work was to come our way. This in turn was followed by the Philippine invasion and then the bloody affair at Iwo Jima. At this point, I fully expected to be relieved of my duties as Chief of Surgery, Orthopaedics and Physiotherapy, but we are all still at it. My travels have taken me from Pearl Harbor to Eniwetok, Kwajalein, Guadalcanal, Tulagi, Russell Islands, Admiralty Islands, New Guinea, the Caroline Islands and numerous other coral and volcanic atolls. In all, I have crossed the equator 18 times and have become a member of the Ancient Order of the Deep 'Domain of Neptunus Rex', the 'Imperial Domain of Golden Dragon', and the 'West of Tokyo' Clubs. I have collected membership cards from every officers club in practically every port of call in the Pacific and have ready for auction many unused 'chits' from all these clubs. This has been pretty tough duty but extremely interesting and educational. I'm glad to have been able to do my little share. The most difficult thing for us to contend with outside professional duties is the mail situation. Being on the go so much, we often have to go from four to six weeks for first class mail (Air Mail) and three to five months for others. Our first mildewed packages (Christmas mail) reached us on Lincoln's Birthday, and the second batch which included the R. & C. 'wampus' on St. Patrick's Day. I've decided that the R. & C. gift makes a better shoe-horn. The brace shop must have been thinking of Wag, Van, Phil and some of you old-timers when they designed this gadget. Many thanks for your kind thought and in this thought I am really serious. Throughout all my travels I have only run into one R. & C. man, and he keeps popping up in the darndest places; namely Bob Mazet. After one of the campaigns, I treated him to a shower bath. I would like to tell you of some of the experiences I've had in the handling of the many casualties fresh from the front lines and at sea but am going to defer this to a later date. The censorship at sea is the strictest in the world and in order to appreciate all the facts, I would have to break a few rules and, of course, that is out. Please convey my many thanks to all those at R. & C. who have made the news sheet possible. Although I receive it many months after it is mailed, I still get a kick out of it. Kindest regards to all."

\$406.10 was raised for the Greater New York Fund by the sale of subscriptions to a \$25. War Bond. The winner of the bond was John Farrington, 14 years of age, a patient in 4A.

To date, we have sold \$183,301.90 worth of War Bonds. Our quota for the Seventh War Loan was \$172,000.

In a former issue of the R. & C., we reported that Col. Russell Patterson was to take over Bradley Coley's assignment as Consultant to the Eighth Service Command. We have recently heard that his orders were changed and he is now Chief of the Surgical Section at the Bushnell General Hospital, Brigham, Utah. We understand that Col. Bradley Coley is in the Philippines.

A letter dated May 30th received from Capt. Blair Patterson from the Philippines. He writes, "Just a line to correct my address. I am receiving the R. & C., but due to change of address, they are quite late, and I enjoy them so much." Blair is a battalion surgeon, is now on his third island of the Philippine group, and has been in three campaigns. He writes further, "Please extend my regards to everyone and ask them for me to write when they have time." Address can be obtained from the Editor.